

## CHURCH MATTERS.

**Religious Notices.**  
**FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.**—Rev. H. W. Ballantyne, Pastor. Public worship on the Sabbath at 10.30 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Sunday school prayer meeting, Sabbath at 7 p. m. Weekly prayer meeting, Thursday, at 7.45 p. m. on the test of examination comes.

**FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.**—Rev. Ezra D. Simons, Pastor. Sunday services: Preaching at 10.30 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. The Lord's Supper on the first Sabbath of each month, close of morning service. Temperance meeting on Tuesday evenings. Prayer meeting on Thursday evenings. Young People's meeting, Sabbath evening at 6.30 o'clock.

**METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.**—Rev. D. R. Lowrie, Pastor. Sunday services: Preaching, 10.30 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Prayer meeting, Thursday evenings at 7.45. Class meetings, Tuesday and Friday evenings at 7.45 o'clock.

**WESTMINSTER PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.**—Fremont street, corner Franklin. Rev. S. W. Duffield, Pastor. Sabbath services, 10.30 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Sunday school, 12 m. Weekly prayer meeting at 8 o'clock each Thursday evening, in Chapel parlor.

**CHRIST CHURCH (Episcopal).**—Liberty street. Rev. W. G. Farrington, D.D., Rector. Morning service, 10.30 o'clock. Second service, Sunday school at 9.15 a. m. for the summer.

**CHURCH OF THE SACRED HEART.**—Rev. J. M. Nardello, Pastor. First mass, 8.30 a. m. High mass, 10.30 a. m. Vespers, 3 p. m. Sunday school, 2.30 p. m.

**BREKKELEY UNION SABBATH SCHOOL.**—Held in Berkeley School-house, Bloomfield avenue, every Sunday at 3 o'clock p. m. John A. Skinner, Superintendent. All are welcome.

**WATKINS M. E. CHURCH.**—Rev. J. Cowans, Pastor. Sunday services: Preaching, 10.30 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Sunday school, 2.30 p. m. Prayer meeting, Thursday evening at 7.45. Class meeting on Tuesday evening at 7.45.

**ST. PAUL'S PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH (Watkins).**—Rev. Daniel I. Edwards, Rector. Morning service, 10.30 o'clock; evening service, 7.30. Sunday school, 3 p. m.

**GERMAN PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.**—Rev. John M. Enslin, Pastor. Hours of service, 10.30 a. m. Sunday school, 2 p. m. Prayer meeting, Tuesday evening, 7.45 o'clock.

**REFORMED CHURCH (Brookdale).**—Rev. William G. E. See, Pastor. Sabbath services, 10.30 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Sunday school, 9 a. m. E. G. Day, Superintendent. Prayer meeting, Wednesday evening.

**HOPE CHAPEL.**—Sunday school, every Sabbath at 3.30 p. m. John G. Broughton, Superintendent.

**SILVER LAKE.**—Sabbath school held every Sunday, in the hall, at 3 p. m. Charles A. Hubbs, Superintendent. Gospel meeting every Sabbath evening at 7.30 o'clock. Prayer and Conversational meeting, Friday evening.

## The Railway Rioters.

The Police Commissioner is very indignant over the riotous case upon Zabriskie Post, G. A. R., for allowing a gang of hoodlums to take possession of their excursion, day before yesterday, and to knock him and others down, insult women, &c., as was stated by several newspapers. He puts an entirely different aspect upon the matter. He says that the trouble occurred on the second section of the excursion train. While the boat was crossing Greenwood Lake for the second batch of passengers, Mr. Meyer saw some roughs assault Superintendent Smith on the wharf. He went to Mr. Smith's assistance, got the young men on board the boat, and on the way over the lake endeavored to induce them to behave themselves. They were very disorderly. On the train coming home there was trouble in the fourth car and Mr. Meyer was asked to preserve order. He entered the car and "mildly asked them to desist from quarreling," but was abused, and a young man named Randall attempted to assault him. Mr. Meyer and others promptly stopped the train and put Randall and one of his friends off. They pleaded so hard to be taken back and promised so earnestly to behave themselves that they were taken aboard again and things thereafter were quiet. Mr. Meyer says, in contradiction of the statement that he was knocked down, &c.: "Had it not been for the prompt action of myself and the members of the Committee of Arrangements, it is hard telling how the trouble would have ended."

In regard to the statement made in the New York papers, and a local sheet, that when the police arrived the rioters had control of the train, women were screaming, &c., Mr. Meyer says: "It is not so, for most of the gang were asleep, and were completely surprised by the arrival of the police."—*Jersey City Journal*, Aug. 21.

## Our Public Schools.

To the Citizen:  
 I have attentively read the article in the last Citizen, entitled "Our Public Schools." While I admit that some of your correspondent's points of criticism are timely, I think others are not so well sustained. Perhaps he is correct in saying "too many studies, more than they can manage," are taught, when we come to consider the short time allotted for the passage of a scholar through the course, with the other fact that a large number (possibly a majority) are unable to keep well up with their companions and learn thoroughly what is taught or attempted to be taught. We have the fortune, or misfortune, of living in a rapid transit age. Our public schools partake of the spirit of progress. Like the railway trains, they are run upon schedule time, planned and con-

ducted to accomplish certain results in the least possible time! A boy or girl who is fully up to the average in intellect and ambition to learn, will get through very creditably, while others below the average are likely, as your correspondent alleges, to disclose ignorance or superficial attainment when the test of examination comes.

Your correspondent closes by a suggestion in behalf of "the working classes." He says it "would be a grand thing if from the sum of eleven thousand dollars annually appropriated for school purposes a sufficient amount could be reserved for the purchase of books for the poor children of our town." It may be news to "E. W." to learn that just such a thing, grand or otherwise, was in operation as long ago as 1879 (when the writer served as a trustee). But is such an insidious arrangement a good thing, a just thing, or a practical? I think not. In the particular year referred to I heard numerous patrons of the schools complain of the hardship of being compelled to pay taxes for free education and at the same time buy books for their children, yet, cases where the latter were instructed to make application to the teachers to be supplied with books gratuitously, because their parents, claimed to be poor, were few and far between. People do not want to make such a claim, nor should they be expected to do so. What is needed is to raise enough money to supply text books for all the children, without distinction as to the social caste or "classes" into which people are imagined to be divided.

In this country grades of society according to wealth ought not to be tolerated. Certainly, the "working classes" ought sensibly to include every able minded and able bodied person, excluding only as an idle class those who, through mental or physical inability to labor for their own support, are the legitimate wards of the industrious. For any in the United States to work themselves up as a privileged, non-working class is contrary to the spirit of republican institutions, and the suffrage of ideas, customs and laws tending to recognize or foster such a class distinction is a "squinting toward monarchy," as Jefferson said of Hamilton's constitution.

**The Law and Order League.**  
 To the Bloomfield Citizen:  
 I read with interest the editorial in your last issue entitled "The Law and Order League," and write the following not from any desire to criticize the opinions expressed in that article, but because I fear that it may mislead some people, and give them a wrong idea of the object of the League.

I speak now, not for the individual members of the committee, but for the committee as an organization.

As a committee it has no views on the abstract questions of prohibition, temperance reform, or the evil of the sale of liquor.

It regards none of them as good or bad.

It finds certain laws in force in relation to the sale of liquor and the suppression of vice and immorality.

Its sole object is a calm, dispassionate enforcement of those laws.

Its object is one that should meet the approval of all except the law breakers. Every good citizen should support the enforcement of existing law, whether he approves of the law or not.

Everyone should see that to say to the individual, obey only such laws as you approve would be to destroy all law.

To those who disapprove of the existing laws, we say, use all lawful means to change it, but while it is law obey it, as you would have others obey the laws that you approve.

J. D. GALLAGHER.

[For the Bloomfield Citizen.]

**The Farmer Sat In His Easy Chair.**

The farmer sat in his easy chair,  
 In the porch of his vine clad home,  
 But then he saw his locks, and white his hair,  
 And the evening of life had come.

His fields were loaded with golden grain,  
 His orchards with choice, ripen'd fruit,  
 For rich was the soil, and plentiful rain  
 Had slacken'd his strength to recruit.

His flocks and herds in meadows were seen,  
 His sleek and full blooded steers were,  
 For water was pure, and grass was green,  
 Well fed, and well stall'd were they there.

The birds from trees and shady bowers,  
 Warbled songs in their wild delight,  
 Their fragrant with the flowers,  
 And lovely were they to the sight.

Thus sat he there in his easy chair,  
 Just before the early dew's fall,  
 And seeing his many blessings rare,  
 Whispered, "My Father gave them all."

And a smile play'd o'er his wither'd face,  
 And his dim eyes seem'd bright with joy,  
 His heart filled with love—his soul with grace,  
 There was nothing to vex, or annoy.

But shadows of evening gathered 'round,  
 And the shadow of Death was near,  
 For he heard the Angel's trumpet sound,  
 He heard it with pleasure—not fear.

A vision he saw in his vision's light,  
 With a halo of gold in her hair,  
 On her head, a crown of glory, bright,  
 And she whispered—"the promised land."

How his pulse did throb—his heart did beat,  
 As he saw with joy and pleasure,  
 His angel-wife, so pure and sweet,  
 His lost, and long buried treasure.

Thus, the farmer sat in his easy chair,  
 In the porch of his vine-clad home,  
 But his eyes were closed—his brow was fair,  
 For the Angel of Death had come.

They found him there, in his easy chair,  
 On the eve of that summer's day,  
 And his locks were thin, and white his hair,  
 But his spirit had flown away.

St. Paul, Minn., August, 1884.

My dear, said a Brooklyn lady to her husband, "why is my new bonnet you promised me like the millenium?" "I suppose because it will be so sweet," he replied. "Not exactly." "Well, why is it then?" "Because it's a long time coming."

## W. F. T. J.

"For God and Home and Native Land."  
 The Editors of the Citizen do not hold themselves responsible for anything that may be printed in this column.

## Our Temperance School.

If he was a wise man who originated the adage "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," still wiser must those be who follow this sage maxim. And in this lies the wisdom of the Temperance School where the children shall learn the evils of alcohol poison.

Indeed in the children lies our greatest hope of the overthrow of intemperance; for to consider the reformation of a few out of the sixty thousand drunkards who die annually the largest factor in temperance work, while the children are allowed to grow up in ignorance about the subject, is an utter absurdity. As the study of alcohol and its effects has not yet been introduced in our public schools, as in those of New York City, the temperance workers of Bloomfield resorted to the next best thing, a separate school.

Accordingly, every Saturday afternoon, at 3 o'clock, the teachers and scholars meet in Dodd's Hall, the one to teach and the other to learn about the curse which is sapping the life and morals of our republic.

The superintendent's bell taps and the school comes to order to join in singing such a song as "Round the Spring," or "Yield not to Temptation," or "Rescue the Perishing." This is followed by a responsive exercise taken from the Bible and then comes the half hour's lesson, in which the teachers try to make plain to the boys and girls before them, how all alcoholic liquors are made from decayed fruits and grains; how decay destroys nourishment; how the deceitful poison fascinates its victim, while, at the same time, it is ruining his health, bewildering his brain and dragging him down deeper and deeper.

When the lesson is ended the children turn expectantly to the superintendent who always has something to show or tell them, perhaps an experiment with a small still to show how gin is made, or charts to illustrate the manner in which alcohol affects the stomach; or some interesting story. Then, too, the president of the W. C. T. U. very often has something to keep the children wide awake, and sometimes a visitor drops in with a few remarks or words of encouragement, or one of the children recites a piece or sings a temperance song. A continued story of Jacob Abbott's is at present engaging their attention.

And so the time wears away till the school is dismissed and the little teetotalers run home with blue ribbon on their jackets and dresses and temperance tracts in their hands. And one feels that, if it is a warm summer's afternoon, a temperance school is by no means an uninteresting place either to visit or to habitually attend.

## To The People.

**STATUTE OF LIBERTY.**  
 Joint Resolution authorizing the President to designate and set apart a site for the colossal statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World," and to provide for the permanent maintenance and preservation thereof.

"WHEREAS, the President has communicated to Congress the information that citizens of the French Republic propose to commemorate the one hundredth anniversary of our independence by erecting, at their own cost, a colossal bronze statue of 'Liberty Enlightening the World,' upon a pedestal of suitable proportions, to be built by private subscription, upon one of the islands belonging to the United States in the harbor of New York; and

"WHEREAS, it is proper to provide for the care and preservation of this grand monument of art, and of the abiding friendship of our ancient ally; therefore be it

**Resolved,** By the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, that the President of the United States be and he is hereby authorized and directed to accept the colossal statue of 'Liberty Enlightening the World,' when presented by the citizens of the French Republic, and to designate and set apart for the erection thereof a suitable site upon either Governor's or Bedloe's Island, in the harbor of New York; and

upon the completion thereof shall cause the same to be inaugurated with such ceremonies as will serve to testify the gratitude of our people for this expressive and felicitous memorial of the sympathy of the citizens of our sister Republic, and be he is hereby authorized to cause suitable regulations to be made for its future maintenance as a beacon, and for the permanent care and preservation thereof as a monument of art, and of the continued good-will of the great nation which aided us in our struggle for freedom."

The foregoing Resolution of Congress setting apart Fort Wood and Bedloe's Island, in the Harbor of New York, for the Statue of Liberty, and covenanting to provide for its permanent preservation and for the permanent care and preservation thereof as a monument of art, and of the continued good-will of the great nation which aided us in our struggle for freedom."

The whole structure when completed will exceed a height of three hundred feet, and become a fitting monument to the grandeur of free government.

The cost of the Statue—more than \$250,000—was contributed by one hundred and eighty-one cities, towns and precincts in the Republic of France, in appreciation of the blessings of a Government—"by the people, for the people,"—such as exists in the United States of America, with a liberty that enlightens the world!—graciously reminding us of the sympathy and help of

their ancestors in our struggle to obtain it. The American Committee, having in charge the raising of funds for the completion of the pedestal are unable from the very nature of the case, to organize sub-committees throughout the country for that purpose; therefore, they confidently appeal to influential and patriotic citizens of every locality, to Chambers of Commerce, Boards of Trade, Exchanges and Societies, to aid them in this National Monument by forming sub-committees for the purpose of gathering the remainder of the needed funds.

The Statue is finished, and has recently been formally presented to Mr. Morton, our Minister to France, and will be ready for transportation to our shores in a French national vessel as soon as the pedestal shall be ready to receive it. More than half of the sum required for its completion has been contributed—chiefly by New York and its immediate vicinity. The work is well under way, and ought not to be stopped by the indifference or apathy of the people. The Committee feel confident that it will not be, when the object of this international sentiment of friendship and love of liberty is fully comprehended.

Hitherto it has been misrepresented and misunderstood. It is in no way a private enterprise for personal or sectional glorification: it is the gift of the people of France to the people of the United States!—the grandest monument ever dreamed of as a recognition of the blessings of Liberty. It is fitting that its pedestal should be constructed by the contributions of many and not of few. No North, no South, no East, no West; but throughout this glorious land. More than \$125,000 will be required to complete the pedestal of the Statue preparatory to its inauguration, as set forth in the Resolution of Congress.

The funds of the Committee are nearly exhausted; the work must stop within thirty days unless public spirit and patriotism is widely aroused to finish it. Indifference to it is tantamount to national ingratitude and humiliation.

All checks should be drawn to the order of H. F. SPAULDING, Treasurer.

Your fellow-countrymen,  
 WILLIAM M. BYRNS, President.  
 RICHARD BUTLER, Secretary.  
 HENRY F. SPAULDING, Treasurer.

Executive Committee:  
 JOSEPH W. DRINKEL,  
 PARK GODWIN,  
 J. W. PINCHOT,  
 V. MUMFORD MOORE,  
 FREDERICK A. POTTS.

55 Liberty St., New York, Aug. 14th, 1884.

**Short Talk With The Boys.**

My son, I heard you speak of your father the other day as the "old man," and of your mother as "her highness."

What's the matter that you can't refer to them as your father and mother?

Suppose your parents should speak of you as "the kid," or "the fly?" You'd soon begin to think you had been born into the wrong family. The son who is ashamed of his parents ought to be ashamed of himself.

Suppose their ways are old fashioned, and their grammar a little off, and they don't feel like keeping up with the fashions of the day. Not one father or mother in ten had the advantages you enjoy. Forty or fifty years ago they walked three or four miles to a country school to pick up a little learning, while now you are talking of going to college. They began poor and have toiled and labored and saved for their children. You just remember that things have greatly changed in this country. Years ago a calico dress was seen at church far oftener than a silk. Men went to meeting clad in homespun. The rule in most houses was for the children to stand up and eat. The biggest piece of pie went to father and mother, and children were not allowed to sit up until ten o'clock at night, or to argue a question after the head of the family had decided it.

My boy, don't get any foolish notions into your head. If your father is old and gray and bent—if your mother is trembling and weak, and has no care for the frivolities of this day, it is to wish these days of hard work, and nights full of anxiety that their children might be spared the same slavish life. Where they were blue jeans you have broadcloth. Where they ate Johnnycake you have sweet cake and pie. Where their mode of life and forced economy prevented them from enjoying society, amusements or books, just think how you made the shillings fly, and what is offered to interest and amuse you.

Now let's have a word to say about economy. I've been right among you, and I know that you want this, that and the other, and "want it bad." Up to the time of the war if one of the boys of that day had a dime to spend for the Fourth of July, he thought himself well fixed. The boys want five dollars apiece nowadays, and that's all gone before noon.

If we got a new book it was considered a great piece of extravagance. The lad who had cash enough to walk into a panoramic exhibition, buy a pair of states, or treat himself to sweetmeats was looked upon by the rest of us as a Jay Gould.

I'm not saying that you shouldn't have money and use it, but right there is a vital point. Be sure that you really need what you buy. Ask yourself if it is money. Money is the wheels on which the world moves. Acquire the habit of throwing it away every novelty brought out and you'll be by and by have a second hand museum and no cash to run it.

I dislike a stingy boy, but when I see a lad planking his nickles down at the desk of a savings bank I know that he is one of the future men who is going to build our railroads and do our wholesale business. There's a big difference between being stingy and economical. The richest men in America are liberal in giving to churches, asylums and to the unfortunate, but they never waste. They don't indulge in this or that simply because they have money enough to pay for it.

Now, if you are about fifteen years old you've got a sneaking idea into your head that it's a big thing to use an oath occasionally. You never made a greater mistake! It is true many men use more or less oaths, but I would like to have you find one who isn't ashamed of it. I know you can point to the greatest men in the land and prove that they spit out oaths, but that's no reason why you should follow suit. There isn't a sweeper in this country who doesn't feel a quiet satisfaction in sitting down to converse with a man whose language is clean and pure. There's nothing manly in using an oath. Swearing is about the first thing you

hear from the lips of a fool or drunkard. Even a headless can swear.

Now, don't get the idea that I want you to be too good. The too good boy is a nuisance. He was born to be an angel, but they forgot to spike on the wings. Go to the circus? Certainly! I know there are people in this world who look upon a circus as the next thing to a visit from old Satan himself, but they ought to have lived forty years ago. If you were my boy I'd walk you in, show you every animal and curiosity, and then we'd take a reserved seat and see the circus. When a man has trained a horse or mule or dog to obey him with almost human intelligence he has proved to you the practical value of patience and perseverance. Every shade of men will stop on the streets to see a man lift, or to watch a jumping match. Then why deprive you of the performance of an athlete who has spent years to bring his strength and agility to perfection.

I want my boy to rub against everyday life a little while he is a boy. If he has the idea that a hunter's life is full of juicy buffalo steak and victories over grizzlies I'm going to send him into the woods for a week to live on woodchuck meat, carry a cold in his head and be jumped out of his boots the first time an owl hoots. If he asks for money I'm going to give it to him, but I want to sit down on a Saturday night and see how he spent it, and show up some of his foolish habits. If he wants to sail the bounding bilbo I know of a lake captain who will take him on a trip from Detroit to Saginaw, and if he can't cure him in just one voyage nobody else need try.

St. down and talk to your boy as you would to your brother. Don't bulldoze because you happen to be his father and have the bulge on him. Argue and reason. Don't expect to make assertions and have him swallow them as Gospel truths unless you have backing. Teach him what to avoid and what to cultivate and turn him loose for awhile. If he seeks the good he has the right instincts; if he runs after the bad, don't walk him into the wood-shed for a pounding until you have asked yourself if he doesn't come naturally by that falling.

—M. Quad, in *Detroit Free Press*.

The most prosperous journal in the United States is a little one in Texas—that is, if the Editor does not exaggerate. He says: "We are paying off the national debt at the rate of a hundred millions a year, and yet we do not feel it!"—*Texas Siftings*.

"If you would be truly happy, my dear," said one young lady to another, "you will have neither eyes nor ears when your husband comes home late from the club."

"Yes, I know," answered the other wearily, "but what am I to do with my nose?"

A little child of Rutland, Vt., becoming wearied with the quarreling of two younger children over a glass of milk exclaimed: "What's the use of fighting forever over the milk? There is a whole cowful out in the barn."

It is said that a young lady can never whistle in the presence of her lover. The reason is obvious. He doesn't give her a chance. When she gets her lips in proper position for whistling something else always occurs.

"Have you got quail on toast?" asked a seedy looking party as he entered a restaurant the other day. "Have you got an eagle on silver?" asked the proprietor. And the conference adjourned sine die.

"Yes," said a Philadelphia girl, "I can take my pick from half a dozen wealthy young men in this city." "You ought to be able to," replied a rival belle, sweetly, "you are certainly old enough to pick."

The small boy's mother now begins to feel his hair each time he enters the house, but the small boy knows a trick worth two of that—he doesn't go home from swimming until his hair is dry.—*Lowell Citizen*.

**Lundborg's Perfume, Edinburg.**  
**Lundborg's Perfume, Marcella Niel Rose.**  
**Lundborg's Perfume, Alpine Violet.**  
**Lundborg's Perfume, Lily of the Valley.**

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## My Mule.

Who would not own a mule? We all have one. On all phenological charts of the human head the mule has the top place among the pictures.

"The mule stood on the burning deck till all but him had fled." The mule does not always wish to do just what his master wishes him to. The mule has been badly slandered. Because everybody cannot drive him they abuse him, but nevertheless he is troublesome at times. The mule's business hours do not always correspond to those of his driver, and it makes things a little disagreeable. Most all people, including ladies, have mules. Dudes and idiots do not keep them. My mule is my mind.

Sometimes, when I am most anxious that my mule shall go, he stands as still as the rock of Gibraltar; I try to spur him forward, but he refuses to budge. I have seen men on the pulpit and rostrum who could not get their mules to go. It is fun to see an innocent pastor hammering and clubbing a stubborn mule when he does not wish to go. Did you ever try to force your mind into action? We have tried patting and coaxation, jerking and spurring. Now I make a desperate effort. I am determined that my mind shall go. It makes a few wild plunges and away I go on a flight of imagination. I am going—going. I am not just sure where I am going, but the mule stops. Down comes whip and spur, and with a bound I am off—yip—yip—hurrah.

Now it stands still.

The mule has stopped. My mule is troublesome in another way. He starts and goes like a cyclone and refuses to stop at my bidding. I go to bed; I want to sleep. (What! what! but on the mule goes, and I can't get off. I turn and twist, and resolve to think about nothing. I lie very still, almost stop breathing, but on goes my mule, I am astride the mule, and the mule is on the jump. I might as well try to stop my heart as to stop my mule. I pull and pull, but on he goes, through the city and country, here and there. I am carried on in spite of my protesting. After awhile the mule gets his head down to eat some seed oats; he is getting tired. I was tired long ago and dropped into dream land.

My mental mule has heels, and they sometimes fly into other peoples' faces, when tempted to do so. When some 2x4 cross-eyed creature tells you that you are a fool, or a liar, and thus rapping your mule over the heels, who could blame him for kicking. Mules assume an offensive attitude and kick at every opportunity. In this he shows a bad spirit. It is a good plan for people not to rap the heels of every mule they meet. Do not contradict every assertion that you may hear made. Occasionally I find myself going at a dizzy rate of speed away from life's highway; away from my old preconceived truths that have been the sign boards of my life's journey; out of the woods of doubt and uncertainty; out and away I know not whither. It is a consolation to know that my mule does it. Thus I have learned to distinguish between myself and my mule, though we always go together.

Moral:—If you wish to live long and happy, do not abuse your mule. He is a permanent fixture and you cannot keep house without him. Idiots, imbeciles and suicides, are the legitimate results of misguided and abused mules.

A colored child had a fall from a second story window the other day, and his mother in relating the incident at the grocery store, said: "Dere dat chile was a comin' down feen feet, wid ebbery chance of being killed, when the Lawd He turned him over, the child struck on his head, and there wasn't no such as a button off."

Said the penurious railroad director: "What's the use of compelling us to put up all these signs, 'Railroad Crossing'? Can't any fool see that it is? And if he can't, won't he find it out when he gets hit by the train?"

"I'd hate to be in your shoes," said a woman, as she was quarrelling with a neighbor. "You couldn't get into them," sarcastically replied the neighbor.

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